

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1869.

NO. 4.

THE ENTERPRISE.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
C. B. WOODWARD

At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

NO. 1. AVERAGE FROM THIS PRICE.

1 square, 10 lines, or less, one insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, .50
1 square per annum, \$10.00
2 squares per annum, \$17.00
3 squares per annum, \$24.00
1 column 6 months, \$14.00
1 column 3 months, \$9.00
1 column 1 month, \$4.00
1 column 6 months, \$24.00
1 column 3 months, \$14.00
1 column 1 month, \$4.00
Announcing candidates, for county offices, \$5.00
State offices, \$10.00
Marriage Notices, for each line, \$1.00
Obituaries, of more than 10 lines, \$1.00
No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.

Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.

Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the author.

Necessity compels us to adhere strictly to the Cash System, and payment will be required in advance, or on delivery, for all Job Work or advertising.

ATKIN HOUSE,

KNOXVILLE, TENN.,

P. H. TOOMEY, PROP'R.
SITUATED WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT. A new and elegant First Class Hotel, well furnished, and having every comfort and convenience.

SUFFICIENT TIME FOR
Passengers on the Train East & West to get Dinner. oct7tf

Planters' Hotel,

TWENTY STEPS FROM THE RAILROAD,

CLEVELAND, TENN.,

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.

Tables furnished with the best of the Markets. Attended by A. CAMP, CH. R. K. MARSH, PROP'R.

FRANK BOGART, M.D.

SWEETWATER, TENN.,

Will devote his entire attention to the practice of medicine in his various departments. nov30 7f

THOMAS G. BOYD,

GENERAL CLAIM AGENT,

Sweetwater, Tennessee

PROSECUTES all Claims against the U. States Government, on most reasonable terms. Liberal advances made to Claimants, especially the Widows and Orphans of deceased Soldiers, when the business is entrusted to his care. nov2 '67 5-tf.

NICHOLS & PARSLEY

ARE SELLING

Groceries and Provisions,

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,

STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES,

Dyestuffs, Factory Thread,

Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.

We design keeping a first-class Grocery and Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for whatever we buy in the Produce line. You will find us at the Post Office, "East Broad street, Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY, apr. 29-4f.

R. C. SAWTELL, Late with G. L. Anderson & Co.

J. A. PERKINSON, Late with Boyd, Vaughn & Co.

SAWTELL & PERKINSON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Opposite Dodd's Corner,

Whitehall Street, ATLANTA, GA.

N. I. MAYES,

DENTIST,

SWEETWATER, TENNESSEE.

All work done upon the latest improvements. Every kind of produce taken at market prices delivered at Sweetwater.

Tooth extracted without pain. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges moderate. 1-tf. sept12 '67.

JOHN W. HOPE.

F. MILLER.

HOPE & MILLER,

(Successors to Smith & Lyons.)

Watchmakers and Jewelers

DEALERS IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware,

Manufacturers of Sterling Silver Spoons.

GAY STREET, NEXT DOOR TO 1st National Bank.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

All work done by Experienced Workmen and Warranted. June 24-1y

Barrett & Caswell,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.

Special attention given to the Sale of Produce Bonds, Stocks, &c.

Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.

Thos. G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.

Thos. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.

June 2-1y.

H. L. FRY,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALL KINDS OF

Family Groceries,

CONFECTIONERIES, &c

Also,

Seth Thomas' Clocks.

HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. march 11, 1869tf.

ALVIN McCORKLE. JUDGE GEO. BROWN.

EAST TENNESSEE

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

AND

Mill Furnishing Depot.

McCORKLE & BROWN,

Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL

—AND—

LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT

FERTILIZERS, &c.,

INCLUDING

Mowers, Reapers,

Threshers, Separators,

Horse-Powers,

STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

Cider and Wine Mills.

GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,

Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans

SHUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.

Improved Steel and Cast Plows.

CASTINGS.

DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS.

WASHING MACHINES.

ZERO REFRIGERATORS,

Also,

Garden and Farming Hardware.

We are Agents for the State for

WHANN'S CELEBRATED

Raw - Bone Super - Phosphate,

The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.

(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)

To all of which we invite the Farmers of East Tennessee to come and Examine at our

Sample Warehouse,

GAY STREET,

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.

We respectfully solicit orders for all articles in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the satisfaction of those patronizing us.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. April 6m.

STACY & ANGEL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

RIFLE GUNS,

Double & Single Shot Guns.

Cartridge and Loose Ammunition,

PISTOLS OF ALL KINDS,

Gun Barrels, Gun Locks, Stocks, Ribs, Ramrods,

Shot Pouches and Belts.

Gun Wadding, Game Bags, Powder and Dram

Flasks, Bullet Pouches, Powder Horns,

CAPS, SHOT, LEAD, POWDER,

Cartridges of all kinds, Rifle and Pistol Moulds,

Parts of Pistols Furnished to Order. Fishing Tackle of Every Description. Pocket and Table Cutlery.

Agents for Smith & Rand's

RIFLE, BLASTING, and Mining Powder and Fuse

To which we invite the attention of Merchants and Consumers Generally.

OLD ARMS WANTED.

We will pay a liberal cash or trade price for the following arms, either in working order or broken. Send for price list.

Spencer Rifles and Carbines. Henry 16 shot

Carbines. Sharps Rifle and Carbines. Colt's

Army or Navy Pistols. Remington's Army

or Navy Pistols. Smith & Wesson's 5 or 6 shot

Pistols. STACY & ANGEL,

Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

apr. 29-6m.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BETWEEN 8th & 9th STREETS,

Twenty rods from the Depot,

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

A. L. MILLER, Prop'r.

POETRY.

SOME CRUDE LINES.

FOR ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

Ah, no! Alas, it cannot be!

'Tis inspiration 'tis not art;

Along the stream of poetry

I once could feel what once I sang;

All wildly then my numbers rung

To one beloved theme.

My soul poured forth in boyish lays

The visions of my earlier days;

I woke—(twas but a dream)

Yet would I dream it o'er again,

And from the things gone by

Recall the pleasure with the pain,

And drain the golden dry.

The soul's insatiable desire,

And virtue from the draught bath down.

Like water from the spring,

The thirst it slakes, but to the heart

No joy nor grief it can impart,

Or new excitement bring.

Yet, lady, if the ice and snow

Of Nova Zembla's climate

Forbid the stream of life to flow,

'Twould melt 'neath eyes like thine!

The coldest heart ashen would be

To own the stern philosophy

Thy beauty failed to fire;

And more than Socrates were the muse

Who at thy bidding could refuse

To tune his broken lyre.

And who could gaze upon that face,

Those lips on which a smile still lingers—

That rounded arch whose perfect grace

Might rival even those lily fingers—

Nor, gazing, own that form and mien

Might well adorn an Eastern Queen,

Or seem to Moses' eyes

Some bright-eyed maid, sent to show

To longing mortals here below

The joys of Paradise!

And said I that I could forget

What once I felt and once I sang?

There is a chord unbroken yet

A harp not all unstrung!

Beauty like thine exalts the soul

Beyond the limits and control

Of age and care combined—

With face and form as angel's fair,

Those sparkling hues picture there

A pure and virtuous mind!

All radiant as before me now

Long may that beauty shine;

Unrivalled be that placid brow,

Unclouded by care or time!

For 't is the gods themselves would mourn

To mark so bright, so fair a form,

May they one model spare

To show the peoples of the earth,

Exulting in degenerate birth,

What once Eve's daughters were.

The Kissing Deacon.

In one of our puritanical towns of New

England, says an eastern paper, lived Deacon

Brown, a very staid, dignified sort of

a Christian, a perfect model of propriety.

Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose

his wife, and at the age of forty had found

himself with a family of four small children,

without a mistress in his farm house.

As he could not immediately take another

wife and avoid exciting scandal, and

could not get along without some one to

take charge of the kitchen and nursery,

he had recourse to employing a young woman

as house-maid.

Nancy Stearns was a laughing, romping

beauty, who delighted in experimenting

upon the Deacon, by way of testing the

strength of human nature. For a long

time the Deacon was invulnerable, but at

last, in a moment of unguarded weakness,

he was led into temptation, and committed

a "slight indiscretion" with his beautiful

house-maid. When he recovered his

wounded coolness and presence of mind, he

was horrified at the enormity of his sin.

In vain he repented and grieved of lost

virtue. Finally, as a last effort of easing

his conscience, at the services on the following

Sabbath morning he arose and requested

the forbearance of the brothers and

sisters a few moments, when he electrified

them by making the following confession:

"My Christian friends, you know that I

lost my wife some months ago (sobs and

tears), and that Nancy Stearns has been

keeping house for me. And you know

that I have a little child not a year old.

Well, sometimes that child would cry in

the night, and it would be a long time

before I could quiet it; and last Tuesday

night—God forgive me!—the child cried

so hard that Nancy arose and came into

the room, and leaned over the bed, to

hush the child—and, brothers and sisters,

her leaning over me there made me forget

Christ."

"What did you do?" demanded the

minister, sternly.

"I—I—kissed her!" stammered out

the Deacon, between his sobs, "but I've

been very sorry about it, and prayed to

be forgiven, and I want you to forgive

and pray for me, brothers and sisters."

As the Deacon bowed himself upon his

seat like the mighty oak before the tornado,

Deacon Goodfellow arose and astonished

the audience still more, by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard

what brother Brown has said; now he

wants our forgiveness. For my part I be-

lieve brother Brown is truly penitent, and

I am willing to forgive him with my

whole heart. And brothers and sisters, I

will add still further that if I had no wife,

and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns

should come into my room, and lean over

my bed, and lean over me, I'd kiss her,

sin or no sin!"

The best printing machine feeder—The

public.

Mark Twain's Mental Photograph.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE?

Color?—Anything but dun.

Flowers?—The night-blooming Serius.*

Trees?—Any that bears forbidden fruit.

Object in Nature?—A dumb belle.

Hour in the Day?—The leisure hour.

Season of a Year?—The leisure season.

Perfume?—Cent. per cent.

Gem?—The Jack of Diamonds, when

it is trumps!

Style